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Of Thistles.

"The commonplace is never parodied."—SENECA.

There were no thistles till the first scold died,
No briars sharp, no rage-provoking thorn,
No burdock vile, nor plant with rampant horn,
The dagger-pointed cactus, no dull-eyed
And vicious stinging-nettle, nor, stretching wide,
Base burrs and prickly shrubs that all beasts scorn,
Except voracious goats and mules forlorn,
Who oft on tough barbed wire their teeth have plied;

For thistles were unknown when Eves were wise,
And all the world was thistleless when young,
Until a nagging scold was laid in earth;
Then from her grave grew burdocks for her eyes,
And from her lips sharp nettles for her tongue,
And so all thorns from that scold's death took birth.

JOHN E. GETTUREGHUN.

Papal Sovereignty.

VI.

The history of the pope kings for six centuries is the history of modern civilization. In the words of a learned historian, the bark of Peter was freighted with the destinies of the world. For centuries there was not a step forward in the cause of liberty which was not taken under the guidance of the popes; there was not a victory in the cause of progress which did not receive its inspiration from Rome; there was no advance in the cause of science which cannot almost entirely be attributed to the influence of the Holy See. When the feudal system had divided Europe into the two great castes of tyrants and slaves,—when vassals were looked upon simply as the appanages of the soil on which they toiled,—Rome alone never ceased to proclaim the equality and fraternity of man,

and proclaim it, too, in the only manner in which it was likely to be heeded—by laying open the dignities which mankind then surrounded with the deepest veneration, not to caste or class, but to merit from whatever class it sprang. When the Saxons of England groaned under the yoke of their Norman conquerors, and no humiliation was too galling to be inflicted on them, the Church seized the opportunity of proclaiming the rights of man, not in empty formulas or frothy declamations, but by elevating to the first throne of Christendom one of the down-trodden and despised race, Nicholas Breakspeare. When the Cæsars of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries asserted their claims to prerogatives subversive of every principle of justice and Christianity, then, in the name of conscience and liberty, the power which had struggled against and triumphed over the Cæsars of old was still in the breach ready to do battle with the Henrys and Fredericks and Barbarossas. When one undistinguishable ruin awaited every institution, moral, social, and political, the more than Egyptian darkness which marked the path of the barbaric conquerors never penetrated as far as the dominion of the pontiffs. Knowledge took sanctuary with them. The time-honored rolls of science and literature were placed within the veil of the temple, and while some labored to civilize the untaught savage, others preserved and handed down whatever was great and noble in the productions of classic antiquity. When ferocity and ignorance seemed to have settled down on the human race as a pall during the tenth century, even during those dark ages which one would almost wish to see forever obliterated from the annals of Europe; the only effort made to dispel the gloom was by the Roman pontiffs. The first rays that heralded the dawn of knowledge emerged from the chair of Peter, where

Sylvester II. presented an extraordinary reunion of all the talents that adorn the man, the sterling qualities that constitute the ruler, and the virtues that grace the perfect Christian.

It was then during those ages of blood and iron that the light of Christianity for the first time penetrated to the barbarous nations of northern Europe—to the Scandinavians and Muscovites, and Hungarians, bringing with it those regenerating principles by which it is invariably accompanied.

Prejudiced declaimers, whose knowledge of facts is, in general, as limited as their bigotry is intense, are never wearied of repeating the old time-worn charge that the temporal authority of the popes is opposed to progress, and that its natural effect is to make mankind retrograde. Progress is a very vague word, and may be used, and has been used, to convey quite a variety of meanings. In our own days we have seen religious theories which sap the very basis of morality; political theories that shake the foundations of society; and scientific theories that degrade man to the level of the brute creation; we have seen all these hailed as indications of the progress of the human race. I own, I am proud to say, that the Church has never taken part in such progress as this. But if we consider progress as a passage—an advance from something inferior to something better, from a lower to a higher state, in a moral, social, political, religious, or, in fact, in any other point of view—then I am free to maintain that for the past fifteen hundred years no decided progress has ever been accomplished by the human race in which the popes, either as subjects or as sovereigns, have not taken a leading part.

It was certainly progress when the ferocious fanaticism of the pagan world was replaced by the mild doctrines of Christianity. The world could certainly acknowledge that an immense moral progress had been achieved when the throne of a Nero and a Domitian was filled by a Constantine or a Theodosius—when a bishop of the Roman Church, Remigius, in tones of authority, bade the fierce Sicamber “curb his head 'neath the yoke of the Gospel,” and when it saw the sceptre of Attila swayed by a St. Stephen. The conversion of the barbarians to Christianity was certainly a great conquest of progress; and to whom, under God, if not to the popes, is this conquest mainly due?

But to consider the popes simply as temporal sovereigns, let us see if the same can be asserted of them. It was a victory in the cause of progress that saw the Roman people withdraw themselves from their dependence on the em-

perors of Constantinople to place themselves under the direction of the pontiffs. It was a decided progress to exchange masters who persistently neglected or persecuted their subjects; who trampled under foot every principle of right and justice; whose edicts to-day glorified a Eutyches, to-morrow prescribed the ferocious folly of Iconoclasm, and again, imposed upon groaning subjects the caprices of a woman or a eunuch,—it was undeniably progress to exchange masters such as these for masters whose every act breathed the spirit of justice and clemency.

This spirit of progress was still kept up in the ninth century, in spite of the growing weakness of the Carolingians; in the tenth, in spite of the disorders of the age, and the shames and disgraces from which the papacy itself was not always preserved; in the eleventh, in spite of the intervention of the emperors of Germany. If there were acts of rebellion, fury and barbarity at Rome, it was when factions were in the ascendant, or emperors in possession; if she enjoyed days of peace, prosperity and happiness, it was when the popes recovered their authority. And certainly when the greater part of mankind no longer acknowledge law or judge, it is a certain progress to be able even to exist in peace and security.

VII.

With the dawn of better days what glorious names appear!—Hildebrand and Calixtus II. and Alexander III. and Innocent and Gregory IX. Everything springs into new life around them. The spirit of liberty is awakened with the spirit of faith. Rome feels that she once more has princes, the world that it once more has popes. Urban unites the nations of Europe in the execution of that grandest conception of statesmanship which the world has ever known—the Crusades. Alexander joins the Lombard league, and frees Rome and Italy from the German yoke. Innocent crushes every usurpation while respecting every right. The Clements and the Gregories and the Innocents assure the municipal liberties of the Romans. Boniface IX. and Martin V. concede to the towns of the Romagna and Umbria their ancient franchises and privileges. The popes, everywhere, lead the van in the emancipation of serfs and the enfranchisement of cities. Under their auspices Italy begins. Milan, Florence, Genoa, Venice become so many flourishing states because the influence of the pontifical see makes itself felt over the whole Peninsula. All this may serve as an indication of the share taken by the popes in the progress of liberty. “Rome,” says Gioberti, “has made the fetters

fall from the hands of serfs, has broken the rod of tyrants, has purified the sanctuary, created communal rights, enlarged towns, restored cities, protected republics and sown the seeds of all the progress which followed. So far from being stationary and opposed to progress, the popes, on the contrary, have shown an untiring zeal in the amelioration of laws and institutions.

A day comes when the feudal system must yield to the principle of centralization. In the greater part of Europe the struggle is long and bitter. In France it requires almost a century of civil war; it requires all the energy of Richelieu and all the subtle diplomacy of Mazarin to establish the supremacy of the central authority. In Germany the feudal system lingers on, and only receives its death-blow during the French Revolution; in the Roman States, on the contrary, the change, better prepared, seems naturally brought about by the wants of the age. A simple Brief of Pius V. does more to complete the work than is accomplished elsewhere by the arms, the violence and the confiscations of kings. Such is the manner in which the pope-kings brought about progress in laws and institutions.

The cause of knowledge during the Middle Ages counted as many devoted adherents as there were popes. We have already seen that the first attempt to dispel the gloom that had settled down on Europe during the tenth century was made by a pope—the learned Sylvester II.

The movement thus begun is destined never to be interrupted. Soon, by the efforts of the popes, these universities, the glory of mediæval Europe—Bologna, Pisa, Padua, Paris and Salamanca—are founded and enriched with ever-increasing privileges. The more profound the doctor, the surer will his merits win the appreciation of the Holy See. The names of the great intellectual giants—St. Bernard, St. Anselm, St. Thomas, St. Bonaventure—have come down to us environed with the glory of science and the halo of sanctity. Gregory VII., amid all his struggles for ecclesiastical discipline, still finds opportunities to promote ecclesiastical and profane learning. Innocent III. may justly be styled the father of the glorious thirteenth century. The popes leave Rome for Avignon, and Avignon at once becomes the centre of the intellectual movement. The renaissance may be said to have begun there—a fact which the poems of Petrarch and the discoveries of Poggio sufficiently attest.

By a striking coincidence the papacy reappears in Italy in the very year when Constantinople falls into the hands of the Turk. The

popes appear to save the victims of the wreck and collect the scattered treasure. When was such zeal ever displayed for the advancement of knowledge as by the popes of the fifteenth century? Eugenius reorganizes immediately the Roman university; Nicholas V. is grieved to learn that there is a literary man in Rome with whom he is unacquainted. Around the re-established throne of the pontiffs soon gather from the extremities of the earth all the glories of the age. Painters, sculptors, architects, historians, poets, scientific men, jurists, simple grammarians, even, receive from the popes encouragement, counsels and rewards. Alexander VI. is styled the modern Mæcenæ; Leo X. gives his name to the age in which he lives; Galileo is the idol of Rome so long as his scientific researches do not encroach on the province of revelation. When a howl against science is raised in northern Europe, Kepler and Tycho Brahe are invited to become the guests of the popes. The Jesuit missionaries in the remotest East explain to the astonished mandarins the courses of the stars, while teaching them the name of Him who guides them in their orbits.

We have all heard of that important scientific reformation, the Gregorian Calendar, accomplished by those ignorance-loving popes; but perhaps we do not all remember that unprejudiced, science-loving England hesitated nearly two centuries before accepting even such a much-needed reformation from such a source, and Russia still holds out against it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Benedicat Terra Dominum.

Arcticis campos virides in oris
Dum gelu claudit, Dominumque laudant
Bruma, ventorum rabiesque, nixque
Immaculata;

Floribus, blandis, zephyris, et almo
Sole lætatur speciosus Auster
Nec Deo gratus requiescat aptas
Dicere laudes.

V. A. N.

Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby."

It is admitted by the reading public and men of literary attainments generally that of the works of Charles Dickens "Nicholas Nickleby" is entitled to precedence. From no other work of the great English author could one, unacquainted with his productions, form so correct and so just an opinion of his genius. Certain characters, it is true, in other works of his are

more strongly drawn in those features which peculiarly distinguish them; but as a network of excellent characters, strongly and inseparably interwoven, "Nicholas Nickleby" is entitled to the first place. Had Dickens written but this one volume, it would stand to future ages as a monument to his ability as an author and his greatness as a judge of human nature.

The vulgarity of the characters which has so marred the general excellence of other works of Dickens is absent in "Nickleby." Although many and varied, they are always of the highest order. The union of brilliant description, with the best of humor, is its prominent characteristic. The style, as in all of Dickens' works, is notoriously peculiar and imperfect.

"Nicholas Nickleby," after being published as a serial, appeared in book form in 1839. It met at the outset with great success, 50,000 volumes being sold the first day. Over half a century has passed since then, and no greater proof of its lasting popularity can be given than to say that it occupies a prominent place in the bookstalls of to-day. It has been translated into every language that represents a reading public—including the Dutch and Prussian,—and has found favor alike in the gilded court and lowly cottage. Its fidelity to truth and nature appeals alike to all. Treating of the low and commonplace, and leading its readers to the homes of the poor and the degraded, it has broken down the barriers of prejudice and found audience with the haughty noble and the obedient serf. It is the simple story, simply and interestingly told, of a young man whose uprightness of bearing brings him many enemies, and in the end an abundance of warm and sincere friends, happiness and prosperity.

Nicholas Nickleby, a young man of noble appearance and a generous heart, is, from first to last, the central figure. Around him, and in connection with his adventures, cluster the other characters. He is presented as coming with his widowed mother and his sister to the great city of London in search of work. He goes for advice and assistance to his uncle, Ralph Nickleby. This latter gentleman—if we may presume to call him such—is a man singularly acute and penetrating in matters of money—a grasping and unscrupulous usurer. Conceiving a dislike for the youth, whose acts and desires are so different from his own, he succeeds in engaging him as a tutor with one Wackford Somers, proprietor of Dotheboys Hall, a Yorkshire boarding school. His experience here is both touching and amusing, and ends with his trouncing Mr. Somers and fleeing to London in the company

of Smike, a victim of the school-master's injustice and his pupil.

During all this time the mother and sister of our friend have been living in London, partly upon the bounty of Ralph and partly by the labor of Kate, the sister of Nicholas, who has been engaged by a fashionable milliner, Madame Mantalina by name; but in the event of the failure of the firm, through the extravagance of Mr. Mantalina, she becomes a waiting-maid in the semi-aristocratic family of the Whitterly. Her rare beauty has attracted the attention of a young nobleman, Lord Frederick Virisopht, and his companion, Sir Mulberry Hawk. Disdaining their flattery, and wishing only to be let alone, Kate continues to be victimized principally through the narrow-mindedness of her mother. Mrs. Nickleby, thinking that in the polished Sir Mulberry she sees a chance for her daughter's advancement, and heeding the advice of Ralph, in whom she places implicit confidence, gives the wily Sir Mulberry every encouragement.

Things have assumed a rather serious aspect when Nicholas again comes upon the scene. Newman Noggs, a clerk of Ralph's, who has formed the acquaintance of Nicholas and often befriended the Nicklebys, now informs Nicholas of the true state of affairs. Young Nickleby has, since his departure from the Yorkshire school, been gaining fame in a limited way upon the stage in the company of the talented (?) Crummele's family. Upon his return he finds a new home for his mother and Kate and for Smike, who has faithfully followed him through all his journeyings.

Nicholas eventually comes into the service of the Cherryble Brothers. Then opens up a new life for the Nicklebys—Kate forms the acquaintance of Frank Cherryble and Nicholas that of Madeline Bray, whom he rescues from the unfeeling designs of Ralph and another of his ilk, Arthur Gride. Little Miss La Creevy, who has figured all along as the friend of the Nicklebys, meets Tim Linkimvate, and the consummation of the whole is the happy marriage of the three couples. To this happy ending is added the pathos of the death of Smike, the discovery that he is the illegitimate son of Ralph Nickleby and the death of the latter, who dies by his own hand.

Nicholas appears as a young man of noble qualities and impetuous nature, honest, straightforward and affectionate. Although he is not quite what we could wish him to be in all things, we cannot fail to commend his actions, and rejoice at his eventual good fortune. M.

Nickleby is not a good character. She is too natural, too weak and too tiresome. One wearies at her continued reminiscences, and is disgusted with the frequency with which she asserts her superiority. Her imagination is lively and childish. Her life is convulsive; although we have no evidence that she sought anything but the good of her children, her failure to consult their feelings or their judgment stands against her. The maligning of her dead husband for the pleasure of Ralph Nickleby is another weak spot in her character.

Beautiful, amiable and intelligent, Kate Nickleby is an ideal character. Her devotion to her brother, her forbearance with her mother, and her kindness to all about her, make us love to study her character. No unkind word falls from her lips during the long period of our acquaintance with her. We rejoice at her final happiness as we have sympathized with her in her earlier troubles.

How different are the feelings with which we regard Ralph Nickleby from those whose name he bears! He is the impersonation of craftiness and intellect without heart. The one ray of Christian feeling that lights up his otherwise hopeless character is his respect for Kate Nickleby. He has but one desire, one friend, and one god—money. For gold he sacrifices all claims to manliness, and for it he scruples not to ignore the claims of kinship. The miserable termination of his unhappy life is all that we could expect.

So true to nature was Wackford Somers that Dickens was often called upon to vindicate himself on a charge of slander. The faithful impersonation of the schoolmaster has perhaps done more than any other one thing to break up the system of Yorkshire boarding schools that then existed. The pupils of Dotheboys Hall consisted chiefly of poor, unfortunate children, whose parents found it to their interest to renounce them, and who could stand the strain upon purse and conscience of £20 a year and slow torture to their offspring. Mr. Somers' inhumanity is shocking. He seems to be devoid of even the semblance of feeling, or compassion for the poor waifs who are so unfortunate as to fall under his tyranny. If Somers has a redeeming feature, it is his love for his family. In nothing else do we find him but little above the mere animal. Mrs. Somers is but a fitting companion to the Yorkshire schoolmaster. As for their daughter Fanny, one can not but rejoice at her discomfiture while suffering the pangs of a love despised, and for which Nicholas Nickleby is held accountable, although

he frankly tells us that he attempted to make no impression upon her virgin heart.

The pathetic incidents of the story are mostly in connection with Smike. This poor waif, the victim of cruelty and neglect, who had never known a friend, and to whom a kind word was unknown, was capable of the deepest devotion and the purest motives. Nowhere does the brutality of Somers, or the magnanimity of Nicholas, show more clearly than in their treatment of him. In point of value as a character he ranks with Little Nell in "Barnaby Rudge," or little Paul in "Domby & Son." The mystery of his early life and the happiness of his later days only add pathos to his history. A generous disregard for self and firm loyalty to friends are not the least of a true man's qualities; and these Smike possessed. "A young and beautiful girl, fresh, lovely, bewitching and not nineteen," such was Madeline whom we know as the wife of Nicholas. She was as good as she was beautiful.

Newman Noggs is one of the richest and most humorous creations of the work. His child-like simplicity and constant oddities, together with his love of justice and hatred of deceit, endear him to us. We love to follow his droll adventures, and laugh at his still droller characteristics. He has seen better days, and his present humble position serves only to bring out more prominently the excellent qualities of his heart.

Sir Mulberry Hawk is the genteel villain. Living only for himself, and not scrupling to use the basest means to attain his ends, his high-sounding title and suavity of manner serve him well to lead an easy life among the wealthy and gullible young lords, of whom Lord Frederick Verisopht is so good a representative.

The fact that the Brothers Cherryble are not mere creations of the author helps to heighten their effect and make them all the more dear in our regard. They are the very soul of honor and benevolence. By industry and honesty they have risen from poverty to wealth, and, keeping in mind the humbleness of their own early days, they use their riches as riches should be used—to alleviate the sufferings of humanity. There is a wealth of suggestion in all their actions, and we are only willing to part with them on the assurance that they are happy.

Besides these, there are throughout the book many interesting characters. John Browdu, with his large heart and uncouth manner; the Crummeles family, who give a good idea of the stage life of the day; Mr. Mantalina, the good-

natured and effeminate man of society, and lastly Miss La Creevy, a warm-hearted, mincing *young* lady of fifty with her miniatures designed especially to gratify the variety of the subject, without the slightest regard for the perpetuation of their features. We part with them all with a feeling of sadness. They have not been to us the meaningless creations of an author's fancy, they have been our friends.

ARTHUR P. FLYNN.

The Religious Spirit of "Evangeline."

A SYMPOSIUM.

I.

A reverence for, or awe of, the supernatural seems to be inherent in every human breast. Man is ever striving to peer beyond this earthly sphere. His highest thoughts and greatest efforts are inspired by the power and beauty of the Infinite. Hence his most sublime work have their foundations in religion. And is this not especially so of the creation of the poet—he who dwells in a golden atmosphere?

The rich legends and quaint tales, so intimately associated with religious traditions in all ages, are his natural ground in the wanderings of imagination; and while among these hallowed spots, how often his thoughts rise to the sublime! And what theme is worthier or more fitting for the poet's art than the story of the sufferings of those who cast away all earthly ties, nay even life itself, for their Faith? So we should not be surprised that Longfellow founded perhaps the most beautiful and most touching of his romances on the star-like faith of a few simple Acadian peasants.

Longfellow's "Evangeline" is a story which shows to what great extent the teachings of the true religion may influence the manners, feelings and even nature of a noble-hearted and generous people. Their religion was a part of their very life. It softened their pains, intensified their joys and disarmed their fears. It exerted a visible influence, too, in their daily lives:

"Every house was an inn where all were welcomed and feasted."

Alike were they free from

"Fear that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics."

In some it was joyful, in others sorrowful, but in all beautiful. The characters are all heroic in their trust, and even to the last, this seemingly misguided passion spurs Evangeline onward. And how could constancy and fortitude such as hers fail in the reward?

In "Evangeline" we find no ever-intruding personages. All the characters, some of whom may be somewhat highly colored, glide through the story in their appointed order, never clashing, but always silently making way for their successors.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

II.

The true religious spirit of "Evangeline" is eminently Catholic. This is evident from the fact that the great majority of the people of this period were believers in the true faith. Consequently, it is absolutely necessary for the author in referring to them, especially in matters of faith, to present the race to his readers in their pure light; for in doing otherwise he would do this nation an injustice, and would deviate from the natural course of the story. He refers to certain devout acts, performed by these persons, which are practised by no other church than the one established by Christ. It is unnecessary for a person to possess a thorough knowledge of theological truths to discern these facts; for with very little mental exertion he could easily comprehend the exact meaning intended by the narrative.

"Anon, from the belfry softly sounded the *Angelus*."

This sweet religious line in itself, if explained as it should be, would suffice to fill a very large volume.

In those days and among such devoted people, priests were naturally looked up to as leaders. They passed through a course of instruction in the monasteries, where they were free from all worldly troubles, and application on their part was the only essential requirement. Thus the counsel of Father Felician was considered superior to most men of the little country town. Outside of those who devoted their time and labor to God, most persons who wished to acquire even the rudiments of an education had to suffer many penalties and undergo innumerable hardships. Education in the early times consisted mostly in teaching the rising generation how to till the land so as to reap rich harvests; also in the arts of hunting and fishing, and in all the agricultural and rural achievements.

Benedict Bellefontaine was by far the wealthiest farmer in Grand-Pré. Evangeline, his only daughter, is the heroine of our story. Evangeline being yet quite young when her mother died assumed great responsibilities in taking charge of the household. But she was well fitted for the undertaking, having been taught by her mother in early life the different things necessary to make a good housekeeper. She was a very pretty girl, and consequently had many

suitors. She was kind, loving and courteous, treating all with respect, and, as many expressed it, "was a perfect angel"; she was the pride of the village.

For many years these Acadians lived in this remote settlement enjoying peace and comfort. But finally the crisis came that ruined them and theirs. They were ordered to meet in the church-yard on a certain day. Here they all assembled, and an officer of the king rose in their midst and announced to them that they were to be taken from their homes and sent to lands unknown. Some rose up to defend themselves against such a proceeding, but when Father Felician appeared on the altar all was quiet again. After some few words of reproach, he said a short prayer: "Father, forgive," which they repeated after him. What could show a truer religious spirit than this prayer asking forgiveness for their persecutors?

The *Angelus* is commemorative of one of the greatest historical events of the Christian world—when the angel of the Lord appeared to Mary and announced to her that a Child would be born of her which she should name Jesus. The *Angelus* bell, therefore, is rung in the morning, at noon and at night, in commemoration of this great mystery. At the sound of this bell, Catholics doff their hats and recite a short prayer, recalling to the Christian mind the great mystery of man's Redemption.

The time of this story carries us back to the early settlement of Nova Scotia. The Acadians that established a colony at Grand-Pré were a class of people seeking civil freedom, and wishing to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. Accordingly, they for many years lived at this little village in the fulfilment of their duties to the Supreme Being, and at peace with their neighbors. Father Felician, the instructor of the flock in religious matters, taught them the way of salvation by many years of long and bitter endurance.

P. H. COADY.

III.

Unquestionably the most charming production of Longfellow's genius is the story of "Evangeline." This poem is of particular interest to us, being founded on one of the most remarkable and poetical episodes in American history. "Evangeline" is the story of a life of virtue and purity told with a pathos which carries us away from our sordid, worldly cares and

"Lifts the soul from the common clod,
To a purer air and a broader view."

It tells of the separation of loving families,—

husbands being parted from their wives, and mothers from their children; but in particular it treats of the parting of Evangeline and Gabriel, and their search for each other through life.

The Acadians were quiet, simple French people, who during the eighteenth century inhabited the country now known as Nova Scotia. They desired only to live upon their farms worshipping God in the true religion.

We cannot imagine a more quiet, peaceful retreat than the little settlement at Grand-Pré as Longfellow has described it. An atmosphere of religion seems to have pervaded this "home of the happy." The French race has always been noted for its devotion to the Catholic religion, and these Acadian farmers followed in the footsteps of their ancestors. The reception with which Father Felician, the pastor of the parish, was greeted whenever he appeared among them gives us an idea of their devotion to their faith. Longfellow, in the following lines, describes this scene most beautifully:

"Solemnly down the street came the village priest, and
the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to
bless them.
Reverend walked he among them, and up rose matrons
and maidens
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
welcome."

Evangeline, the heroine of the story, was the daughter of Benedict Bellefontaine, "the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré." She was a person of a deeply religious nature—one who took up the cross of her Saviour, and who worshipped Him in every thought and act. In the following lines she is described after having partaken of the sacraments:

"But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when after
confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benedic-
tion upon her."

The religious spirit of these Acadians is shown by the fact that each farmer had upon one of his trees a box for the poor, or an image of the Blessed Virgin, before which he prayed daily. The evening before the day upon which these happy homes were destroyed by the English was passed by the older men at Benedict's house. They little knew the sorrow that would be theirs upon the morrow, but instead they played at draughts until

"—the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine,"

when they rose and departed for their peaceful homes.

On the following day the people assembled

in the village church, whither they had been summoned by an order from the captain of the English regiment, then at Grand-Pré. This officer, after a few words of explanation, read for them the will of their king which fell like a thunderbolt upon the ears of the listeners. They must forfeit their lands, dwellings and cattle to their monarch who required that they be transported to other lands.

The people, realizing the sad position in which they were placed, wailed and sobbed in their sorrow and anger, and this disturbance was only quelled by the appearance of their beloved pastor, Father Felician. The congregation, hushed into silence by his serious mien, listened with reverence to the few words with which he addressed them.

Such was the power of this holy man's discourse that in a short time the people became reconciled to their fate, and in the evening service which followed his talk,

"Their souls with devotion translated

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven."

The soldiers then commenced the work of separating these holy families, and one more inhuman act of the English Government was then recorded on the pages of history. Evangeline and Gabriel were conveyed to two different vessels, from which they watched the fast receding shores of the land where they had been so happy, and which they were never more to look upon.

In the years which followed, our heroine, accompanied by Father Felician, searched in vain for her lover. She often became despondent, but never gave up hope; for she put her trust in the heavenly Father who gave her the grace to bear up under her disappointments and sorrows.

While Evangeline was thus employed, Gabriel, ever faithful to his betrothed, was wandering over the country seeking her. He also prayed to God that his search might not be a fruitless one; but He who governs all had willed that this loving pair should be separated upon earth. For many years Evangeline had searched in vain for her absent lover; but at last, giving up all hope of ever finding him, she left Father Felician and went to Philadelphia, where she entered the convent of the Sisters of Mercy and became a nun.

She became more saintly each day, and in the pestilence which fell upon the city she nursed the fever-stricken poor, who grew to love the gentle Sister who cared for them through sickness and death. One day, while making her

rounds in the hospital, she recognized in the person of an old, gray-haired man her beloved Gabriel. At the same moment he saw and knew her. With a joyful cry she knelt at his bedside and kissed the dying lips of her lover. "Vainly he strove to whisper her name," and, with a smile upon his face, he suddenly expired.

Evangeline, having nothing more left to live for, felt the "deep, dull pain" leave her heart, and with the words "Father, I thank Thee," her soul followed that of her lover to heaven—

"The land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes all night
And pleasures banish pain."

HENRY C. MURPHY.

Horatio.

As in the character of Portia the great dramatist has given us a most perfect type of woman—a woman who displays all the wisdom and moral courage of a man and yet retains all the gentleness and amiability of her sex,—so also in the character of Horatio has he given us a most perfect type of man. Horatio is simple, unassuming, and so unselfish that we scarcely notice him even when he is present. He never tries to win the praise and admiration of his companions, but is rather the medium by which our attention is drawn to them.

His speech is modest, and clearly shows how great he really is. Nothing is wanting to him. Although strong of mind and action, yet he has a tenderness which must be noticed by one who would study him carefully. He never says anything that is out of place, and his speech shows the presence of a clear mind that has been well trained. His power of reasoning is strong, and his judgment is not faulty. His words are always suited to the occasion. When called upon to perform the most difficult task of all, that of addressing the ghost, he does so with apparent ease. In but one instance can a person find fault with him, and that is where he orders Marcellus to strike the ghost if it will not stop. But even this was not unnatural to do in such a case; and who would act differently if it were not through fear? He is never carried away by surprise or astonishment, but is always self-controlled. Whenever a question arises which he cannot clearly understand he tries to study it out, and invariably succeeds. He knows his course before acting, and follows that course to the end.

M. A. QUINLAN, '93.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, November 29, 1890.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-FOURTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—To-morrow the 30th will be the 48th anniversary of Very Rev. Father General Sorin's first Mass at Notre Dame. The occasion will call forth from his spiritual children, together with the students and his friends, far and wide, good wishes and prayers that he may enjoy many other happy returns of this memorable anniversary.

—The University lecture committee have secured Mr. A. P. Burbank for December 13, and Major W. McKinley for some time in March. The committee are also arranging for other attractions after Christmas, among which may be mentioned a lecture on Free Trade, by the Hon. Frank Hurd, or Senator Carlisle, and a musical entertainment by the Harvard Quartette.

—Since the beginning of the scholastic year, Rev. President Walsh has been engaged in delivering a series of "Conferences" on the Sacraments. They are given during the High Mass on Sundays, and are listened to with the deepest interest. In each "conference," the doctrine and practice of the Church in regard to these great sources of God's grace are set forth in the most interesting and instructive manner, so that a lasting impression cannot fail to be made

upon all who would know what is inculcated by Christian faith and practice.

—Some distinguished visitors will honor Notre Dame by their presence on Monday next. Messrs. Thos. P. Gill, William O'Brien and, very probably, John Dillon, the representatives of Ireland's cause before the American people, will spend a day or more with us; inspect our institution and speak to us of what is near and dear to every true lover of liberty. Needless to say, these envoys from the grand old "Isle of the West," struggling for the freedom which is her due, will receive from all at Notre Dame a most enthusiastic and heartfelt welcome.

Dr. John Gilmary Shea.

The brief visit of this eminent historian and *littérateur* will long be remembered at Notre Dame. We are glad to record that Dr. Shea himself was greatly pleased with his stay here, and expressed his appreciation of the educational advantages of our *Alma Mater*. Letters recently received from him reiterate his expressions of admiration. As indicative of this, we take the liberty of reproducing the following letter, addressed to the venerable Founder, which will be perused with pleasure by the numerous friends of Notre Dame:

"ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 24, 1890.

"VERY REV. FATHER:

"Returning to my home, after you, with such kindness, escorted me to the train, I feel it a duty to thank you with all the sincerity of my heart for your condescension and favor during my stay at Notre Dame. Much as I had heard of your institutions, and with some conceptions formed, I was not prepared for what I actually beheld. The work of your life, inspired by a love of God and Our Lady, guided by such a clear insight into what the condition of Catholics in this country required, has produced, indeed, institutions which in their thoroughness of literary, scientific and practical courses are unequalled; and you have the secret of imbuing all around you with a sense of religion, refinement and art that is not easy to describe, but which is felt at every step. The incalculable good that your University has effected, and will for years continue to produce, has never been fully appreciated. In my soul came the deep feeling of regret that in my early days Providence had not guided me to you, to labor under your direction these years of a comparatively wasted life. What a glory it would be to me to have taken part in so much good accomplished for the salvation of souls and the elevation of our people.

"With the deepest veneration and gratitude for the kindness and fatherly interest so recently evinced, crowning many former acts, I shall ever be

"Your devoted son and servant in Xt.,

"JOHN GILMARY SHEA."

Habit.

Æsop was once asked what was best and most beneficial to man of all things, and he immediately answered—the tongue; and upon being asked to name the worst, he answered as before—the tongue. No doubt, had he been requested to name the greatest friend and at the same time the greatest enemy of man, he would have replied—habit. Habit is aptitude gained by practice. If we do a thing very often, we do it after a while without thought or effort, then we may be said to have acquired a habit.

God who doth all things well, has planted in our nature this aptitude for acquiring habits. If used wisely, it helps us to persevere in the performance of our duty; but if badly used, it, like all other perverted gifts, is only an aid to draw us to perdition.

Habit gains strength each time that an act is performed. It is like Antæus the giant, with whom Hercules fought in the Lybian desert, each time he touched his mother-earth. A young man takes a glass of wine. He does not see the serpent that glides into his bosom from the brink of the glass, where it has been lying in wait. He takes another, and another; and the serpent, like the giant, grows stronger with each succeeding glass. The youth says: "I do not like wine so well that I cannot quit it when I wish, so I will drink a few more times with my friends, just to be sociable." The serpent listens; and, well satisfied, sinks back again and waits. The young man repeats his potations, and after a while begins to feel the power of the serpent; but, silencing his fears, he says: "I admit that I do like liquor pretty well, and drink pretty often, and even get drunk once in a while; but that doesn't matter; as soon as I find that the habit is getting too strong, I will cast it from me and never touch another drop." The serpent rears its horrid head, and with darting tongue looks into his face, sees the mark of debauchery there, and certain of its victim, bides its time. The young man drinks again and again, until, warned by his friends, he makes an effort to escape.

Then the serpent, angered at disputed power, rises up, seizes its victim by the throat, coils its great bulk around his very soul, and defies him to free himself. The young man then sees his situation, and struggles heroically, but his struggles are in vain; the serpent gains strength at every encounter, while the man grows weaker and weaker and at last abandons himself entirely to the will of his terrible master.

You observe yourself doing something regularly and without thinking. Stop! Is it good?

Is it such an act as you would like to perform each day until you die? one that you can acknowledge without fear before your God on the last day? Habit will surely become overpowering if you give it a chance; and woe to you if you allow a bad one to grow, for it will weigh you down like the old man of the sea, unless you can gain grace to throw it off and crush its head with the stone of penance! One should be careful, therefore, of the most trivial actions.

To the youth at college, there is given an opportunity to form good habits. He is surrounded by an atmosphere of regularity, morality, and industry; and he has a fair chance to place a bulwark of good habits around his after-life that will break the waves of sin which will continually dash against it. It is for him to profit by it, if he would realize in his own regard the condition of the upright citizen and Christian gentleman loved and honored by all with whom he is brought into contact in social intercourse.

G.

"Telemachus."

In Leon Gautier's "Portraits du XVII^e siècle," we find the following expression of thoughts that must frequently have occurred to many Catholic readers of Fénelon's classic volume:

The king of France one day wishes to confide to a great intellect, to a pure and spotless soul, to a Christian, to a priest, a son of France who may one day become king of this first country of Christendom, this first country of the world. He looks about him, and his penetrating eyes discover Fénelon, who was undoubtedly the holiest bishop in his kingdom, the finest mind, the loftiest soul. The king's choice is made; he confides to Fénelon the Duke of Burgundy. This eminent prelate sets to work; and, as a sculptor moulds and shapes his statue, he undertakes to make of this prince a beautiful Christian statue for time and eternity. Why can we not write all the admirable words that such a teacher addressed to his royal pupil? What tendernesses, what elevated sentiments we would find in them! Well, wishing one day to condense into a living book the doctrine that he had caused to flow from his mind and heart, this prelate took his pen and wrote—"Telemachus."

Thus, sixteen hundred years of Christianity had passed over the regenerated earth; the grand voices of the Apostles had awakened all the echoes of the Old World; millions of martyrs had shed their blood, and left us the incomparable "Acts" of their heroic deaths; there had

been a St. Paul, a St. Augustine, a St. Anselm, a St. Thomas, and thousands of most enlightened doctors; there had been admirable treatises on Christian polity; this science had been superbly elucidated, and the whole duty of a prince towards the Church magnificently determined; there had been in the history of the Church a St. Gregory VII., and in the history of France a St. Louis; we had possessed that giant, Charlemagne; we could contemplate in the annals of the Church and on cathedral windows sweet and gracious figures: a St. Elizabeth of Hungary, rose of heaven; a St. Agnes, little lamb of the Lord; there were in Rome arenas whose sand might serve as a relic, all impregnated as it was with the blood of those noble combatants, the martyrs; there were basilicas at Ravenna whose mosaics represented theories of saints journeying on with calm beauty towards the palms which Christ held out to them; there had been in the treasury of our lengthy past historical realities, a thousand times more beautiful than all legends, and legends a thousand times more beautiful than all the fables of antiquity; we possessed Christ, the sovereign Beauty, and Mary most august type of art; confessors and virgins traced out for us the path followed by prophets and evangelists; a Fra Angelico, a Raphael, and a hundred others had been given to us by God to paint all the splendors of heaven and earth; we had, in fine, been made God-like in the beauty of Jesus Christ and the Church. . . .

And it was then—it was before so opulent a treasury, it was face to face with such virtues, such miracles, and such glory—that a Catholic Archbishop, very pious, charitable and holy—one of the greatest geniuses of his time—sought in the most shadowy ages of antiquity a prince, still more shadowy, to make of him, ten or twelve centuries before the advent of the liberator, Jesus, the type offered to a Catholic prince the exemplar on which should be modelled the possible sovereign of Catholic France. No, no! a thousand times no! we shall never be able to understand such strange, such prodigious blindness.

Books and Periodicals.

—*The Popular Science Monthly* will make a new departure in 1891 by publishing a series of comprehensive and fully illustrated articles on "The Development of American Industries since Columbus." It has been announced that one of the features of the coming "World's Fair" is to be a comparison of the great manufactures of to-day with the condition of the same industries at the discovery of America, and it is the design

of these papers to describe the successive steps by which the distance between those two stages has been passed over. The series begins in the issue for December, 1890 (the second number of Vol. XXXVIII.), with an account of the "First Steps in Iron-making" in the colonies, written by Mr. W. F. Durfee, of Pennsylvania.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for December is a holiday number (with a special bronze cover), containing seven illustrated articles, in which a remarkable list of artists is represented, including Robert Blum, Domenico Morelli, Harry Furniss, Howard Pyle, A. F. Jacassy, C. D. Gibson, W. L. Taylor and W. L. Metcalf. Among the contributions are Sir Edwin Arnold's first paper on Japan; Humphry Ward's description of the famous London picture sales room, known as "Christie's"; W. H. Rideing's picturesque account of Amy Robsart's country; A. F. Jacassy's article on a great contemporary artist—Domenico Morelli; and three short stories, which in feeling and motive are especially suited to the Christmas season. Their authors—Octave Thanet, Richard Harding Davis and George A. Hibbard—are well known to the readers of *Scribner's*, in which, for the most part, their work appears. The poems of the issue include Helen Leah Reed's Sargent prize translation of Horace, Book III., Ode XXIX. (won by her over sixteen male competitors in Harvard University); and contributions by Richard Henry Stoddard, Duncan, Campbell Scott and James Herbert Morse. A unique feature in magazine illustration is "A Pastoral Without Words," twelve drawings by Howard Pyle.

—The *Ave Maria*, in its announcement for 1891, outlines a number of interesting features which will add to the attractiveness of this standard periodical during the coming year. Among the contributors will be His Eminence Cardinal Manning, the Rev. William Kent, the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D., Dr. John Gilmary Shea, Dr. M. F. Egan, C. W. Stoddard, Eliza Allen Starr, and many others. Each year the *Ave Maria* grows in popularity and excellence; its fame, already world-wide, continues to extend further among the English-speaking people wherever they are found, and once-known it retains an undying affection in the hearts of its readers. No better proof could be given of the well-merited success attending the conduct of Our Lady's journal, and the blessing which rewards the efforts of the gifted editor to attain the full realization of the object for which the *Ave Maria* was established—"to spread the love of our Blessed Mother wherever our tongue is spoken." One of the leading periodicals in English literature—the *Dublin Review*—says: "The *Ave Maria* seems to us to be an ideal publication for a Catholic household, it is so successful a combination of entertaining and useful Catholic matter. Some of the best English and American writers help the editor to keep the *Ave Maria* up to the high rank of excellence for which it has so often been praised."

Personal.

—Mr. Frank Nester, '87, of Detroit, Michigan, spent Thanksgiving at the College, and was cordially greeted by numerous friends.

—John C. Larkin (Law), '83, one of the most prominent and highly esteemed citizens of Youngston, Pa., was recently elected President of the Young Men's Catholic Club of that city.

—Joseph D. Murphy, '69, one of ye old-time editors of the SCHOLASTIC, is now the accomplished editor of the *C. T. A. News* of Philadelphia—a paper, which, under his management, has attained a prominent position among Catholic journals.

—T. J. Ewing, '69, paid a short visit to Notre Dame on Wednesday, on his way to Vancouver's Island to which place he has been appointed Consul. Mr. Ewing retains a warm affection for his *Alma Mater*, and his visit was productive of pleasure to many old friends.

—Rev. John Lauth, C. S. C., left Notre Dame on Wednesday evening for Luxemburg, whither he goes on business connected with the Community. He has the best wishes of many friends for *un bon voyage* and the speedy and successful attainment of the object of his journey.

—Charles C. Echlin (Com'l), '82, is the special Agent of the Home Mutual Ins. Co., of San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Echlin has met with merited success since leaving *Alma Mater*. He intends soon to locate in Fresno, where he will attend to the entire business of the above-mentioned company.

—A member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, whose establishment in this country at Notre Dame, Ind., is one of our foremost Catholic educational institutions, has recently been appointed bishop of the diocese of Dacca, in British India, where the Fathers of the Congregation, in company with the Benedictines and other orders, have been doing missionary labor for years past. Right Rev. Augustine Louage is the new prelate's name.—*Boston Republic*.

—From the Jamestown (N. Dakota) *Daily Alert*, of the 26th inst., we clip the following interesting item:

"Wm. Hoynes, a prominent Chicago lawyer and the Professor of Law in the University of Notre Dame, and A. H. Mahone, manager of the Charleston, West Virginia, *Daily Star*, are in the city to-day, and made *The Alert* a pleasant visit. The gentlemen are members of the Government commission to confer with the Turtle Mountain Indians in regard to the removal of the latter to the Red Lake, Minnesota, reservation. They stopped over here to meet and confer with Bishop Shanley whose knowledge of Indian affairs was expected to prove of service to the commission, and they were much disappointed to find that he had gone to Wahpeton. Mr. Hoynes and Mr. Mahone expect to leave for the reservation in the morning *via* the J. & N."

We guarantee that there will be no outbreak, or uprising or, ghost-dance among the "Turtles" after the genial Colonel confers with them. His hosts of friends here are assured of a happy termination to his mission, and hope for his speedy return.

Local Items.

—Frost!

—Thanksgiving!

—Beware of the Kodak.

—Bicycling is still the go.

—The Kodak fiends are at work.

—There is a class in Photography.

—The boys are working up for the ex's.

—The "princes" are hard at work preparing for the Christmas examination.

—A new "dark room" is being constructed for the photographers.

—Anson has telegraphed to secure Pierce's services for the season of '91.

—Some new trees that have been planted in St. Edward's Park enhance its beauty.

—Have you seen our local picture gallery? Call around and have your picture taken.

—Our weather prophet says that we may expect skating this winter; we are inclined to believe him.

—The Carrolls got a new Rugby, and are taking lessons in the science of lifting its egg-shaped form.

—On Thursday, Thanksgiving Day, services were held in the college church. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Director of Studies, Father Morrissey, assisted by Rev. Fathers Regan and Zubowicz as deacon and subdeacon.

—The students of the Course of Civil Engineering will present papers on one of the following subjects: (1) Improvement of Rivers; (2) Seacoast Improvements; (3) Investigation of the Different Theories of Levelling; (4) Survey for a Railroad.

—Co. "B" is in a flourishing condition. It is large and well-drilled. If Co. "A" wants the pennant this year they will have to hustle for all they are worth. Many thanks are due to Captain Chute for his energetic work, also to the other officers.

—At the last meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, held on the 19th inst., in St. Edward's Hall, the speakers were: G. Funke, G. Lowrey, G. Bixby, C. Russell, H. Vorhang, M. Levi, F. Brown, F. Wolf, S. McGuire and G. Furthmann.

—A complete set of Marion Crawford's works, and a large number of volumes relating to Mechanical Engineering, have been placed on the shelves of the Lemonnier Library. All the principal engineering periodicals may now be found in the Library reading-rooms.

—The St. Cecilians have been moving around considerably of late. Besides their regular meeting, which was held on Wednesday, two or three special ones were held during the week; but of their proceedings we have received no extended report. Anyway, they have a *strong constitution*.

—The Philopatrians tender their heartfelt sympathy to their fellow-member, Mr. Charles Connor, of Evanston, Ill., and condole with him in his bereavement in the sad event of the death of his father. They furthermore resolve to testify their condolence by securing the offering of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the deceased.

—The lecture committee announce the engagement of the widely known elocutionist and dramatic reader, Mr. A. P. Burbank, who will give an entertainment in Washington Hall, Saturday, December 13. Mr. Burbank gave an entertainment here some time ago, and it was so highly spoken of by those who heard him that the committee have decided to give the students another opportunity of hearing him.

SUICIDE.

If an *s* and *i* and an *o* and *u*, with an *x* at the end spell "su,"

And an *e* and a *y* and an *e* spell "i," pray, what is a speller to do?

And if also an *s* and an *i* and a *g* and an *hed* spell "cide," There's nothing much left for McKinley to do but to go and commit "Siouxeysighed."

—A full-length, life-size standing portrait of Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, is one of the recent additions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall. It represents the late venerable patriarch as he appeared at the time of the Second Plenary Council in 1866. Oil paintings of Bishop Reynolds, of Charleston, and Bishop Chabrat, Coadjutor of Bishop Flaget have also been placed in the Bishops' Gallery.

—The ninth regular meeting of the Philopatrian Association was held Wednesday evening. The chief feature of the meeting was a well-rendered duet by Messrs. B. Gifford and B. Bates, accompanied by Professor Liscombe. Master E. Ball read a well-written criticism on the previous meeting. Excellent essays were read by Masters A. Leonard and A. Neef. The society returns thanks to Professor Liscombe for favors received.

—BASE-BALL.—The two clubs of Sorin and Brownson Halls met on Tuesday with base hits eyes and confidence in their bearing. Brownson Hall caught the confidence and Sorin Hall succeeded in bogging the base hits and so won. Berry's magnificent pitching, combined with the excellent support given him by McGrath, Fitzgibbon and C. Gillon, was too much of an obstacle for the Brownsonites to overcome, and so they succumbed to the superior science and prowess of their adversaries. Combe and Smith put up a magnificent game for Brownson, and the former's big hit in the third was the feature of the game. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5
SORIN HALL:—3 4 0 1 0=8
BROWNSON HALL:—2 0 2 0 3=7

—Rev. President Walsh has been examining the classes in St. Edward's Hall this week, to the great delight of the Minims, who never feel happier than when they have an opportunity of showing him that they attend to business.

The result of the examination has fully satisfied the Rev. President that the Minims have worked well since his last visit. He had nothing but words of praise for their close attention to study and their good conduct since September. But besides endeavoring to secure the approbation of the President, the Minims have another motive to stimulate them to study. Many of them have an eye on "Sorin Hall," and it is the height of their ambition to get there as soon as possible after leaving "St. Edward's Hall." Success to the "princes"!

—Very Rev. Father General sent from his room, some time ago, a beautiful Roman painting in oil of the "Madonna and Child" to St. Edward's Hall. By some mistake the "princes" were not informed that the lovely painting was for the "palace," and consequently made no acknowledgment; but this fact only makes their thanks now all the warmer. The beloved Founder, knowing that "pictures are the books of children," feels that in no way can devotion to the Holy Mother of God be better instilled into the minds of the Minims than by having her image where it will constantly meet their eyes. The beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin by Overbeck that Very Rev. Father General brought to the Minims from Paris last year is admired by all.

—The St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society held a very interesting meeting last Saturday evening. The critic for the previous meeting was J. Clayton. He showed in his criticism the effects of study and effort in its preparation. The debate was: "Resolved, that the government should hold the railroad system in the United States." J. E. Berry, in a well-prepared speech full of good points, upheld the affirmative, while J. Clayton added fresh laurels to those already received for his criticism; he was the first negative speaker. T. Coady spoke very fluently, and his manner and address bespoke a bright elocutionary future; he spoke for the affirmative. W. Hackett brought forth such arguments in favor of the negative, and spoke with such grace and elegance of language as to merit the applause given him at the end of his speech. Nevertheless, the points on the affirmative side were the strongest, and the judges decided accordingly. After this Messrs. P. Fleming, N. Sinnott, F. B. Chute, J. Wright, C. Gillon, W. Hackett, R. Sinnott, J. McGrath, J. Sullivan and J. Fitzgibbon spoke on the subject.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks to Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes for a manuscript copy of the Cardinal Pole MSS. in the Vatican Library; to Rev. Father Hudson for a letter written by Bishop De Goesbriand; to Mr. Mitchell, of Brownson Hall, for a large rattlesnake from Texas, prepared after the manner of skins used in ancient times for writing; to Dr. Wm. J. Onahan, of Chicago, for a Swedish dollar of the year 1734. At that time it was impossible to secure silver or gold, so the Government was forced to use copper or other

metal, and stamp it with the royal disc to make it legal tender. The daler, presented by Dr. Onahan is six inches long by four and a half in width, and weighs twenty-eight (28) ounces; to Miss A. Ferstl, through Bro. Severin, for an antique rosary of silver and coral with a large artistic medal of silver filigree work surrounding a gold medallion portrait of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Attached to the rosary are antique coins and silver statuettes given to some owner of the rosary as souvenirs of affection. The rosary was made at Nuremberg, and is supposed to be about three hundred years old; to Rev. P. Johannes, C. S. C., for a valuable collection of coins of European nations.

—The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society held its seventh regular meeting, Thursday evening, November 20, President Gallagher presiding. After the Recording Secretary performed his duties, Mr. A. Ahlrichs read an excellent criticism on the previous meeting. A debate was next in order, the subject of which was: "Resolved that a standing army is an aid to a country's prosperity." Messrs. Manley and J. King spoke on the affirmative side of the question. Their excellent arguments, besides being arranged in a clever form, were delivered in a manner which greatly assisted them in winning the debate. Messrs. Frizzelle and McWilliams defended the negative side in a masterly way; W. Stanton and V. Zimmermann read essays entitled "Pensions" and "The Pilgrims," respectively; Mr. Stanton's essay abounded in original thoughts, which showed that the writer had carefully studied the subject on which he wrote. The diction of Mr. Zimmermann's essay was excellent. He is one of the best essayists in the society. Mr. Lorie read a comic selection, which assisted in making the meeting the most successful of the year. After the regular exercises of the evening were concluded, a general debate on the manner of conducting presidential elections was participated in by many members of the society.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, Brelsford, Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, Daniels, DuBrul, Fitzgibbon, Gillon, Hackett, Hummer, Herman, Hoover, Hempler, Howard, Murphy, Morrison, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, W. O'Brien, Prichard, Prudhomme, Paquette, Reynolds, Rothert, Schaack, O. Sullivan, N. J. Sinnott, C. Scherrer, R. B. Sinnott, E. Scherrer, J. B. Sullivan, Vurpillat, Wright.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, E. Ahlrichs, Bundy, Blameuser, Bell, Barclay, Benz, Burch, Cassidy, Castanado, Combe, Correll, T. Coady, P. Coady, J. Crowley, P. Crowley, Cahill, Dechant, Dela Pena, Dahler, Devanney, Dunlap, Frizzelle, Guertin, Gillon, Gruber, Gaffey, Hauske, Heinemann, Heard, Houlihan, Johnson, Jacobs, Kearns, Jno. King, Karasynski, Kellner, Kelly, T. King, Lesner, Layton, Langan,* Myler, Manley, Mitchell, Monarch, Mahaney, Maurus, Magnus, McAuliff, Murphy, McDonnell,

* Omitted by mistake last week.

F. McKee, J. McKee, McConlogue, McGonigle, Miller, McErlain, J. Newman, Olde, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, Otero, S. O'Brien, Powers, Philips, Rebillot, Roberts, Robinson, Stanton, J. F. Sullivan, Sanford, Steiger, Smith, Spalding, F. J. Sullivan, Vidal, White, Wall, Weakland, Yenn, Zimmerman.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Booher, Burns, Boland, Ball, Brady, E. Bates, Blumenthal, Boyd, B. Bates, Casey, Carney, Cole, C. Connor, W. Connor, Cregier, Connolly, Connell, Collins, Coll, DuBois, Drumm, Delany, Dempsey, Dorsey, De Lormier, Eckler, Ellwanger, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Alfred Funke, Arthur Funke, Fleming, Fox, Falvey, Gerlach, Gillon, J. Greene, G. Gilbert, Girsch, Gifford, A. Greene, Hill, Hack, Hagus, Hake, Hahn, Howard, Jackson, Kearney, Kennedy, Leonard, Luther, McCartney, Mitchell, Mattox, Marr, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, A. Mattes, McDonough, Monarch,† H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Neef, O'Neill, O'Rourke, Orton, Pope, Pena Dela, Palmer, Prichard, Quill, Quinlan, Russell, Renesh, Regan, Roper, Reilly, Alf. Regan, Scallan, Sugars, Stapleton, E. Smith, Treff, Tucker, Thorn, Teeter, Thornton, Vandercook, Wellington, Weinmann, Wolff, Welch, Zoehrlaut, Zinn.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Allen, Ayers, Ball, F. Brown, O. Brown, Bixby, Blumenthal, Burns, Blake, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, A. Coquil, ard, J. Coquillard, Cornell, Curry, Crandall, Cross, Chapoton, Christ, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Drant, Everest, Ezekiel, C. Furthmann, W. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, Fossick, Funke, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Freeman, Girardin, Girsch, Griesheimer, Hoffman, Hathaway, Haddican, Hamilton, Higginson, Henneberry, Howell, Jonquet, King, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Loomis, Lonergan, Levi, Lounsbery, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Longevin, McPhee, McCloud, Maternes, McGuire, McIntyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, O'Connor, Otero, Priestly, Pellenz, Pieser, Paul, Ransome, Rose, Russell, Stephens, Stone, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Steele, Trujillo, Trankle, Vorhang, Wolf, Wilcox, Warburton, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Zoehrlaut.

† Omitted by mistake the last four weeks.

College Endowments.

It has not perhaps occurred to some of our rich Catholics that it is time that something more was done for higher education. Mr. Hill's magnificent donation to Archbishop Ireland came from a non-Catholic; it has not yet been matched by a Catholic. Andrew Carnegiespeaks well when he says that what death wrests from him cannot be regarded as a free gift.

Very near us we have the beginning of a great university, on the finest site in the world, which needs only a generous endowment to make it perfect. Farther west we have the University of Notre Dame, with an array of buildings that rivals Harvard, and a scientific "plant" second to none in the country. All it needs is an endowment for scholarships, that poor boys may partake of its benefits,—all it needs now is an endowment. It exists now, because men give their lives to it without recompense. And there is Georgetown, there is Manhattan—there are half a dozen colleges that need only a generous hand to make them centres of a widespread and beneficent influence. "What is wrested from me by death, I cannot consider as a free gift!" And this is true.—*Union and Times, Buffalo.*

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On Friday, the Feast of the Presentation, the following young ladies were received as full members into the Sodality of the Children of Mary: Misses M. McFarland, M. McCune, M. Byrnes, A. Lynch and M. Cochrane. At the same time fifteen candidates received the badge conferred on aspirants to the society. The Rev. Father Scherer conducted the ceremony, after which he gave an instruction replete with salutary advice.

—Very Rev. Father General very graciously presided the distribution of points on Sunday last, after which he made a few earnest remarks relative to the fruit to be derived from the exercises of a retreat. Miss O. O'Brien read a selection from the *Ave Maria* on that devotion so dear to the heart, "The Souls of the Dead," her sympathetic voice lending a charm to the reading. Miss R. Bero then recited "Borrioboola Gha," in a manner to suggest a lesson of charity rather than to bring to mind "Mrs. Jellyby" in "Bleak House."

—The very tone and inflection of voice with which the members of the Class of '91 utter the words "our room" give evidence of their pride in its possession. It is, indeed, a cozy room, for, first of all, there is a south-western exposure, and, secondly, it is furnished with a view to convenience, comfort and beauty. A set of "Encyclopaedia Britannica," "Chamber's Encyclopedia of English Literature," "Stedman's Library of American Literature," "Fundamental Philosophy," by Balmes; essays, historical works, poetry and the indispensable Webster's Unabridged, form the nucleus of their library, around which they hope to gather many useful books. Flowers and vines add not a little to the general appearance which will be further enhanced soon by the addition of crayon and water-color sketches now in progress, the work of the artists of the class.

—The great tragedy of "Hamlet"—that fertile field of study for all lovers of Shakspeare—was the subject chosen by Professor M. F. Egan for his lecture of Tuesday, Nov. 25. The pagan legend, on which the story is founded, was first told, in connection with which the lecturer used a figure striking and beautiful. It was to the effect that though the foundation was pagan, it had been colored by Christianity, just as a marble floor is tinted with the hues of the stained glass through which the sunlight falls. The drama was then considered as to its historical, its religious, its literary and its psychological bearings, from which the lesson was deduced that sin was the "Upas Tree" which wrought death and destruction to all who came under its influence.

Thanksgiving Day.

1621.

Full many years have come and passed away
Since, 'neath the soul-depressing clouds of woe,
The Pilgrim Fathers bowed in sorrow low;
On every face privation's impress lay,
And warmth of joy was lost in twilight gray;
Brave souls grew faint before the Indian foe,
And hearts were colder than the winter snow;
Yet humbly bore they all, nor ceased to pray.

As death beyond the grave new life doth bring,
So from their sorrow's tomb awoke new peace;
For He who bids the tempest wild to stay,
Forgets His children not. Like living thing
The harvest seemed to speak and bid fears cease,
And Heaven rejoiced in earth's Thanksgiving Day.

1890.

How often have the shades of evening crept
Across our sky, and filled us with vague fear,
While from a mist of sorrow fell the tear?
Ah! all in bitter sadness oft have wept
For hunger of the heart, tho' hidden kept!
No ray of hope amid the dark was near,
Nor bow of promise arched itself to cheer;
But o'er the soul the storms of sorrow swept.

When lo! from out the darkness comes the light
Of happiness. In tearful joy we raise
Our hearts to Him "Who keepeth e'er His own,"
And 'neath His benediction grief takes flight.
Oh may the incense of our souls' true praise
Thanksgiving carry to the "great white Throne!"

ALMA THIRDS (*First Senior Class*).

Generosity.

Thanksgiving Day, which has come and gone, ever brings with it a spirit of reflection; for there is much implied in the setting aside of a special day on which to offer thanks to the "Giver of all good gifts." The very fact of giving thanks supposes the receiving of favors, and this in turn gives evidence that gifts have been bestowed; so that the word thanksgiving awakens thoughts relative to both bestowing and receiving. All our life long should we give thanks to God for His favors to us; but a discussion of this point would carry our simple essay beyond its purpose—which is to speak of generosity in our dealings with one another.

Every day do we hear of munificent donations in aid of certain charities, in furtherance of scientific research, or in promotion of the public good. The donor is called generous, and his name ranks high on the roll of the world's benefactors. His bank book places it within his power to act thus; but is his coachman, who gives a small alms to a beggar on the street,

less generous because he cannot by right affix his name to a goodly check? The answer to this query will be found in an analysis of the quality termed generosity. First of all, it supposes a consideration of others, a kindly sympathetic heart, and a spirit of self-sacrifice; and where these elements exist there is generosity, even should circumstances be such that a material gift to others be out of the question. To be generous is to be considerate, and this cannot well be simulated, for true charity has a ring which is beyond the power of counterfeits.

A kind, sympathetic heart, the second requisite, is a wonderful influence in the world. Wealth may do much good in the relief of bodily suffering; may send far and wide comfort to the poor and needy; but there is a suffering of mind and spirit which can be reached only by the generous outpouring of a heart in sympathy with it. Self-denial is also an element of true generosity; for as a gift which has personal associations is highly prized, how much greater is the value of one which has cost a personal sacrifice? Greatness of mind is a characteristic of the generous person, and this magnanimity is exercised in all his dealings with his fellowmen. It has been said that "generosity is in nothing more seen than in our candid estimation of other men's virtues and good qualities;" and if we measure our daily conduct according to this standard, how often do we fall short! We may give, but unless we know also how to forgive, we are not generous; we may head subscription lists in behalf of the poor, but if we add our name to the list of detractors, who poison the world with their venomous tongues, we are not generous. A narrow-minded man is never a generous man, for in his little circle of thought, there is no room for the wide view of persons and things which is necessary to a generous judgment.

If we were great in soul, how happy would we be, and how much comfort we would give to all around us! Then would we "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame," considering as ample reward for our efforts the increased happiness we have shed over the life of others. To honestly congratulate a companion who has achieved success where we have failed, to overlook a little slight, to pardon a hasty expression, to apologize for an offence we have given,—these are marks of generosity that count higher than dollars and cents. Earnest efforts to become great-hearted will surely be crowned with success, and with this great-heartedness will come a kind sympathy, a charity for others which will lead us to give with a smiling face, and a glad heart, and—happy thought!—we shall thereby be loved by the God of charity, for "the cheerful giver is loved of God."

SARAH B. WILE.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Allen, Balch, Bassett, Bero, Black, Bunbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, A. Butler, Burns, Beach, Brady, Breen, Bradford, Bonebrake, Clarke, Coleman, Currier, Charles, Chase, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Cochrane, Campbell, Cowan, Crilly, Cooper, Call, Dority, Deutsch, Dennison, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, D. Davis, M. Donehue, Dempsey, Mary Donehue, Dougherty, Daley, Eisenstädt, Evoy, English, Fitzpatrick, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Good, Grauman, Hamilton, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Maude Hess, Mollie Hess, Minnie Hess, Holmes, Hutchinson, Hanson, Hunt, Hopkins, Kimmell, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kasper, Kinney, Lynch, G. Lauth, Ludwig, McFarland, F. Moore, N. Morse, C. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, Murphy, M. Moore, McCormack, Mullaney, McCune, N. Moore, S. McGuire, McPhillips, Nacey, Nester, L. Nickel, Norris, Niemann, Naughton, O. O'Brien, C. O'Brien, O'Leary, Pugsley, Patier, Pengemann, Quinlan, Quirk, Quinn, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rentfrow, Root, Rizer, Ruger, Rose, Spurgeon, Stokes, M. Smyth, Sanford, M. Schermerhorn, E. Schermerhorn, Sena, Tipton, Tod, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Violette, Wile, Witkowski, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Whitmore, Wolffe, Waldron, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, Coady, Crandall, Clifford, M. Davis, A. E. Dennison, B. Davis, M. Fossick, Gilmore, Girsch, Hickey, Holmes, Hammond, C. Kasper, Kelly, McLaughlin, McGuire, Meskill, Mabbs, Mills, A. O'Mara, Palmer, Quealy, Reeves, M. Scherrer, J. Smyth, Schaefer, N. Smyth, Tormey, White, Wagner, Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Hamilton, Henry, McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, L. Smith, V. Smith, Windsor.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Morse, E. Dennison, Deutsch.

2D CLASS—Misses Gibbons, Balch, Hurff, M. Schermerhorn, D. Davis, Bero, Nester, Lynch, Howe.

3D CLASS—Misses McFarland, Clarke, Sanford, Bassett, Fitzpatrick, Dennison, A. Ryan, Dempsey, Roberts, M. Hess, Maude Hess, Byrnes, Violette, Murison, Chase, Tod, Bonebrake, Tormey.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Burns, E. Burns, Young, Evoy, M. Moore, Hickey.

4TH CLASS—Misses Buck, E. Du Bois, Breen, McCormack, Clayton, Doble, Galvin, Hanson, Wile, S. Smyth, Kirk, Wagner, Eisenstädt, Holmes, Brady, Bunbury, Gilmore, Fitzsimmons, N. Moore, Charles, M. Donehue, H. Van Mourick, Kelley, Pengeman, Whitmore, Patier, K. Ryan, Call, Kenny, Sena, Witkowski.

5TH CLASS—Misses K. Hamilton, L. McPhillips, M. Egan, M. Hamilton, B. Windsor.

GERMAN.

2D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses Deutsch, Nickel, F. Moore, K. Morse, Lauth, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Quealy.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Wile, D. Spurgeon, Fehr, Mollie Hess, Ludwig, Beach, Niemann, Minnie Hess.

3D CLASS—Misses L. Eisenstädt, Currier, Kellner, E. Adelsperger, M. Wagner, M. G. Bachrach.

4TH CLASS—Misses Green, C. Kasper, N. McGuire, L. Kasper, Stokes, O'Mara, Churchill, Fossick, Augustin, Boos, N. Schermerhorn, Schaefer, Farwell, Root, Kingsbaker, Maude Hess.

5TH CLASS—Misses E. Dennison, Haitz, L. Du Bois, M. H. Bachrach, Kirley, Quinlan, Cohoon, Kieffer, Allen, R. Butler, Johnston, L. Adelsperger, Bartholomew, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Witkowski, Eldred.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss G. Clarke.

2D CLASS—Misses Griffith, M. Roberts, M. Smyth.

3D CLASS—Misses Kimmell, McGuire, Nacey, Thirds.